

GRADUATION NUMBER

THE



STUDENT'S
PEN

EAST BRIDGEWATER HIGH SCHOOL

MAY '91

The Student's Pen

VOL. X

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., JUNE, 1931

NO. 3

Published three times
yearly



Single copies, 25c
Yearly subscription, 60c

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THE STAFF

Back row—Jarvis Burrell, Frances Nelson, Arax Odabashian, Geraldine Ellis, Marjorie Ridder, Eleanor Bussey, Grace Chamberlain, Barbara Scribner, Marla Russell, Fred Hill.

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Class Poem

A SENIOR LOOKS AT LIFE

With the best of life in store for me,
I vision high ideals,
And hope that I may ever see
The best that life reveals.

I fancy how I'd like to live
If fate were good to me,—
What I'd keep and what I'd give,
And what I'd strive to be.
I wonder what, if fate should fail,
Would be my outlook then,
If I should find I'm really frail,
Not what I should have been;
I wonder if I'd find my worth
Built on a base of sand,
And how I'd feel brought down to earth,
A guilty, shameful man;
I wonder if I'd prove the man
Who's strong and weak by turns,
Who takes the throttle in careless hand,
A man who never learns;
I wonder if, when youth is spent,
And I think back again,
I can truly say, "A life I've lent,
For the good of other men."

All my many hopes and fears,
And what I grow to be,
Whether life be joy, or life be tears,
Depends alone on Me.

Richard Frost, '31.

The Graduating Class

CLASS CATALOGUE



MARGARET AITKEN, "Peggy." Basketball (3), Glee Club (2). Peggy, the hours are long from 1.20 P. M. to 8.20 A. M. and yet we see you seldom. Surely thoughts of North Easton cannot fully occupy such a stretch of time.



CHARLES ANDERSON, "Chick." Add a little interest, subtract a little flightiness, multiply by hours of concentration, and divide into study periods; such a formula certainly makes Math. easy.



ELSIE ANDERSON, "Eria." French Club (3) (4), Vice-President (3). Play Committee (4), Hockey (4).

Through the years, as wisdom grows,
New words come, just rows on rows;
Latin's needed, goodness knows,
Just to help one's daily prose.



IRENE ANDERSON, "I." Highest Honor (4), Hockey (4), Vice-President (3), Pen Staff (3) (4). Oh what a beautiful, roseate hue is shed by those "rare" blushes. Can it be that the unseen fire which produces "Highest Honor" is intense enough to cause such surface reactions?



MARIE ANTONEVIT, "Jack." Basketball (1) (4), Hockey (2), Glee Club (2) (3). We knew signals were used in football, but isn't it something new in basketball? Jack, please interpret "Horsefeathers." And it seems that you have been frequenting one of those wayside stands where they serve toasted canines. Hot dog!!



WILBUR ATHERTON, "Wib." Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Football (1) (2) (3) (4), Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4), Play Cast (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4). Wib, your record sounds like the radio announcer counting the daily dozen in the early hours, 1, 2, 3, 4—1, 2, 3, 4. Seems as if you just got started right and then kept at it. Why, that's all one needs to get to be President!!

THE STUDENT'S PEN



ELEANOR BARKER.

Quiet as a little mouse
Hiding 'neath a board,
But in spite of quiet ways,
She can run a Ford.

RALPH BENSON, "Blondie." Football (2) (3) (4), Play Cast (4), Vice-President (2), President (3), Pen Play (4). The old saying goes that "Blondes prefer Brunettes," but it seems to be "Blondes prefer Blondes with Blondie."



ARTHUR BERNIER, "Little Art." Play Cast (4), Treasurer (1) (2). We realize, Art, that the Class Play never, never could have come to fruition had it not been for thy carryall, unless absent treatment rehearsals could have been perfected.

MARJORIE BERRY, "Margie." Basketball (1) (2) (3), Glee Club (2) (3). Excitable, effervescing, peppy. But so are all Beaver inhabitants. Why, even the name Beaver indicates the possession of irrepressible activity.



ELEANOR BUSSEY, "Bobbie." Play Cast (4), Basketball (2) (3), Pen Staff (4). Disguise it as you may, true talent must shed its radiance. Surely for such genius were Class Plays and Stunt Nights invented. But, honestly, Bobbie, isn't it nicer to have a boy friend than to be one?

LOUIS CALLIENDO, "Kelly." Treasurer (4), Baseball (2) (3) (4), Captain (4), Football, (4). "K-E-double L-Y. Has anyone here seen Kelly?" Amble down to Strong Field when there's a baseball game and find the center of attraction, Captain Kelly!!



MYRTLE CANNON, "Myrtie." French Club (2), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), 4H Club (1) (2) (3) (4). "The way to his heart is through his stomach." Without doubt social lights are charming and class celebrities inevitable, but how successful would we be without the domestic abilities and willing service of some others? Thanks, Myrtie.

GRACE CHAMBERLAIN, "Gatis." Secretary (4), Pen Staff (4). Grace is Everybody's Sweetheart, but Nobody's Lover yet (to our knowledge).





CLAIRE DAVENPORT, "Ziggy." Claire is quiet and shy, but remember,— "still waters run deep."

WILLIAM DOWLING, JR., "Bill." Play Committee (4), Play Cast (4), Pen Play (4), Football (3) (4), Glee Club (3), Baseball (3) (4). How oft, on a stilly night, it has been our pleasure to visit the Town Hall and sit enthralled through Class Play and Stunt Night artistic displays rejoicing in Bill's unsuspected ability!



GERALDINE ELLIS, "Jerry." Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Pen Staff (1) (2) (3) (4), Basketball (1). Jerry, Jerry, one of the faithful few so long. How could you succumb? Perhaps you have preserved one beautiful tress for future generations?



JOSEPH FEENEY, "Joe." Basketball (2) (3) (4), Captain (4), Baseball (2) (3) (4), Football (2) (3) (4), Captain (4), Glee Club (3) (4); Pen Staff (4), Play Cast (4), President (1). Such a long list, Joe! It surely best expresses what might be said of you. May the stick-to-it-iveness which has meant so much to E. B. athletics stick with you forever.



CATHERINE FOGO, "Kay." Secretary (1) (2) (3), Play Cast (4), Pen staff (1) (2) (3) (4), Pen Play (4), Hockey (4), Highest Honor (4). "Handsome is as handsome does," and you've certainly "done" Kay. "Highest Honors" come seldom enough, so that one may rightly be proud to own such a title.



RICHARD FROST, "Dick." As a result of Dick's early morning tinkering on the Ford, there may be a future Henry Ford.



EVELYN GOULD, "Blondie." "As the twig is bent, thus will the branch grow." We wonder if Blondie sweeps, bakes, and brews with an eye to the future. (We are not insinuating that she will marry a bootlegger!)



FRED HILL, "George." Play Cast (4), Pen Staff (4), Orchestra (1) (2), Basketball (2). We realize that a Ford *can* get you there, but it takes a lot of fun to run it sometimes, doesn't it George?





ELEANOR HOLMES, "Holmesy." Pen Staff (3) (4). Holmesy always manages to figure her Latin average first. Why not? She takes Commercial Arithmetic!



RICHARD KENNEDY, "Kenny." President (2), Play Cast (4). All the girls are waiting the arrival of the Class Picnic. Watch 'em, Kenny!



ESTHER LANGDON, "Et." French Club (3) (4), Glee Club (4), Pen Show (4).

Such grace and speed and beauty, too,
So easy on one's back;
It's awfully nice to go to school
In a great big Cadillac.

ALBERT LINCOLN, "Al." Vice-President (4), Play Cast (4), Football (4).

Snappy, natty, neat, and nice,
Strolling down the street
In such fetching tailor-mades
Who is this we meet?
Tho' he never worked a stroke,
He'd get by without fail,
For he's the inventor of
The new High School Air Mail!



FRANCES NELSON, "Mike." Play Cast (4), Pen Staff (4). Frances is indulging in driving lessons and is soon to get her license. Watch the speed limits in Beaver!



INEZ PERKINS, "Perk." Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

A sunny smile always,
A poor disposition never,—
This, Inez will endeavor
To believe forever pays.



HAROLD PRATT, "Hal." Will you have any of those "snappy looking" pictures left after the girls' constant demand, Harold?



DORIS RAND, "Dot." Glee Club (1), Basketball (3) (4). Doris always kept the basketball spectators on "pins and needles" during the last minute of the game when she made numerous baskets, but all in vain.



MARJORIE RIDDER, "Marge." Pen Staff (4), Glee Club (2) (3). When is a boy friend not a boy friend? When he's a brother, of course; but if the boy friend is mistaken for the brother, what is he then, Marge?



MARLA RUSSELL, "Peggy." Pen Staff (4), Hockey (4), Captain (4), Basketball (2) (3), Glee Club (1) (3), Orchestra (3). How many times during the week do we hear, "Hurry up, Marla, it's almost 8.20"? Why is it nearly every morning?



BARBARA SCRIBNER, "Scriby." Glee Club (4), Pen Staff (4), Play Cast (4), French Club (3) (4), Secretary (3), Vice-President (4), Pen Show (4). Out of all the different makes of cars Scriby generally prefers a Buick. How about it, Scriby?



ELLEN SHEA, "Len." Treasurer (3), Pen Staff (3) (4), Play Committee (4), Pen Play (4), Hockey (4), Basketball (2). Who'd ever believe, seeing Ellen in class, that she could be as dignified as she was in the Pen Play?



MAUDE SHORES, "Mud." President (4), Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Captain (4), Hockey (3) (4), Manager (4), French Club (3), President (3), Pen Staff (4), Glee Club (1), Play Committee (4). The road to Whitman has a great attraction for Maude. Old Fords don't bother her any, either.



GERALD STETSON, "Stet." Football (4). Gerald is one who believes in "Children should be seen and not heard."



MARJORIE STEVENS, "Marmie." Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Hockey (1), Basketball (1) (2), Play Cast (4). We are very curious about Marmie's trips to Manchester, N. H. We wonder why she is so anxious to go there during her vacations.



BEATRICE TRIPP, "Bea." Pen Staff (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3), Play Cast (4). It wasn't until "Bea" made her debut in the class play that we discovered she was quite a vamp.



ANNA TURNER, "Doiger." Play Cast (4), Pen Play (4), French Club (3) (4), Treasurer (3), President (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4). "William! How many times have I told you not to tiptoe?" Is it this speech that haunts you, or is it: "Oh! Another tramp!"?

THE VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP 1931

A HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Preface

For three weeks I have contemplated writing a history of the class of '31 in a single readable edition, presenting an accurate narrative of the origin and growth of our class which would interest the general reader. This work is based wholly on research and original manuscripts. My view points have been changed and modified in many instances. Also, I have had the advantage of many helpful reviews of the book and of suggestions made by kindly disposed readers. My thanks are due to many kind friends for suggestions, also to the secretaries and other officers of the class during the past four years. Above all I am indebted to the Editor-in-Chief, who read the greater part of the manuscript and made many important suggestions. To her thorough scholarship and ripe judgment I have deferred in many instances.

Introduction

This will be a chronological history of the experiences of four succeeding years, which will include exploration and discovery, colonization, the subsequent formation of a government, the economic history which includes financial and commercial transactions, and the social history which includes by far the most interesting events of our class history.

CHAPTER I

The Landing in the Ivy-Covered Country

On the tenth of September, 1927, a small band of courageous colonists invaded the ivy-covered shores of the East Bridgewater High School. They followed in the wake of an intrepid adventurer, Albert Lincoln, who had courageously explored the vast domain the preceding year.

In the fall of 1927 a solemn compact was entered into by the learned band in the cabin of the Good Ship 1931. On the recommendation of an able committee our band of pioneers elected Joseph Feeney, Governor; Ruth Puffer, Lieutenant-Governor; Catherine Fogo, Secretary-General; and Arthur Bernier and Ellen Shea, Chancellors of the Exchequer. The mother country saw fit to provide them with a cabinet made up of a learned faculty who guided our band through many surprising difficulties.

We were greeted on the shore by the hoots and jeers of a hostile band of savages, the Sophomore Class. The initiation for some comprised an unexpected shower bath; the special delight of these savages was to give wrong directions so that we might get lost in the intricate mazes of this unexplored territory.

After weeks of breathless, hysterical amusement the opposing forces, the hostile Sophomores, were finally brought to terms by a secret treaty, the Pact of the Hallowe'en Party. The fact that the refreshments were exceedingly palatable and abundant transformed the erstwhile enemies into the firmest of allies. Some of the older colonies who were now well established in the new land gave an elaborate Christmas Party in recognition of the valiant efforts of the newcomers. It proved to be a sumptuous affair and an unusual one in that some of the youngest colonists had never before been out later than 8.30.

This little group who came over in the Good Ship 1931 followed in the foot-steps of the established colonies in taking charge of the assemblies. As usual the pathetic efforts of the young were ridiculed mercilessly by the older groups.

In the latter part of May the exciting news came of the impending arrival of more colonists to our fair land. Elaborate plans were made for their reception in June. An entertainment was held in their honor, and during the festivities a song skit was performed by some talented performers of our group who sang standing on their heads. The new arrivals were then led before an August reception line consisting of the combined faculties of the Allen and High Schools.

CHAPTER II

The Development of an Organized Community

The little band had become quite settled and organized by the following September. Their first solemn compact on land was held, in which they elected Richard Kennedy, Governor; Ralph Benson, Lieutenant-Governor; Catherine Fogo, Secretary-General; and Arthur Bernier, Chancellor of the Exchequer. When the new colonists invaded the land, we naturally resented the fact because of their exaggerated pride and their inexperience. Sensitive of their ostracism they tried to come to an equal footing with us by tendering us a Hallowe'en Party. We succumbed wholeheartedly, due to the refreshments. After that date all we colonists coöperated in the governmental affairs of the new land. We all contributed to the best of our ability in support of the Athletic Association, the community paper, and all charitable projects. Each group sent its representatives to take charge of the assemblies as of yore.

In the year 1928, a Christmas Party was held by the colonists. This was the first and only time that all the settlers were released from their many duties and intermingled on the common ground of pleasure. This uniformity of spirit, if only for one evening, aided the spirit of union so necessary to a successful communal life.

Toward the end of spring we received our class rings, signifying that we were a recognized class. This was one of the proudest moments of our life in this strange territory. Soon after the beginning of summer, the oldest settlers graduated and left for other lands after receiving the beneficial knowledge gained during four years in this ivy-covered country.

Many of our group, finding it impossible to endure the hardships, left the cloistered shores for more civilized and established ports.

CHAPTER III

Social Development of our Colony

It was now an established custom to elect our officers in the fall, at which time they took up their official duties. In the election of 1929, following another compact of grave and solemn nature, Ralph Benson was elected Governor; Irene Anderson, Lieutenant-Governor; Catharine Fogo, Secretary-General; and Ellen Shea, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Our representatives to the assemblies were now looked upon as wise and sagacious members; we were often consulted on matters of importance and even received direct messages from the mighty King John I.

The months passed, and with the coming of Christmas laborious and resplendent plans were made in honor of the day. The popular demand at this time, when demands are heard and sometimes answered by old St. Nick, was for plenty of refreshments. This popular demand Santa did his best to fill.

The following March an Athletic Banquet was held in honor of our gridiron heroes. The after-dinner speeches were wonders of amateur oratory; the past captains and captains-elect forgot parts of their speeches and appeared red as blushing maidens. The King's representative, Miss Paul, piloted our little ship to financial success, an almost unheard of accomplishment for an Athletic Banquet.

On June 2, 1930 we threw convention to the winds and allowed a Junior Prom to be held in honor of the departing colonists. Dignified but elaborate plans were made. Some of the more reserved and doubting pioneers, principally the Seniors, turned out for the gala event, but they needs must take the following weeks of school to recuperate from the shock of the financial profit we made.

Now, of course, the plans and execution of these social affairs took a good deal of time, and soon after, the colonists were compelled to spend their time weeding their gardens. Here we shall leave them for the summer.

CHAPTER IV

The Departure of the Good Ship 1931

Again it is fall and the hearts of the colonists are glad that the summer of drudgery in the garden is over. Again, in solemn compact, we elected our officials for the last time as dependent subjects. So broadminded was the colony becoming that woman suffrage was countenanced and Maude Shores was elected as Governor. Albert Lincoln was chosen as Lieutenant-Governor, Grace Chamberlain as Secretary-General, and Louis Calliendo as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

During the latter part of September the town held a celebration in honor of its 300th year of colonization. Our group, now the oldest in our learned committee, brought up at the rear of the parade. The weather was very warm, a fact which can easily be verified by Ralph Benson who carried the flag and Albert Lincoln and Edmund Bird

who carried the school banner. The colonist thought this an appropriate time to dedicate our new athletic and carnival field, and after the inspiring exercises we made a promise to ourselves to win every game played on that new field.

Finding that their past four years in the land of knowledge was enough foundation on which to build their life work, the Class of '31 made plans for their departure or graduation. The first step was to



CAST OF "THEY ALL WANT SOMETHING",

Standing—Arthur Bernier, Frances Nelson, Richard Kennedy, Albert Lincoln, Ralph Benson, Wilbur Atherton, Anna Turner, Fred Hill, William Dowling.
Sitting—Marjorie Stevens, Barbara Scribner, Eleanor Bussey, Catherine Fogo.

secure permission to present a dramatic play, the title of which was "They All Want Something." They received permission, and the play was a tremendous success. Fred Hill, the father, had his difficulties in dismissing the family's chauffeur, Ralph Benson found it unwise to write love letters to scheming young women, and Arthur Bernier became initiated in the smoking of a cigar. The interval between the two performances proved a convenient time to have our class supper. Our whole group attended, and the occasion will pass down the ensuing years as a very pleasant memory, even though Bill Dowling did keep all the celery and olives.

In June of that last year the Class of 1931 were informed that they were to be sent out as an expeditionary force to the battle field of life. A week's celebration of solemn exercises and jolly festivities were planned as a fitting farewell to the little army of Seniors. As an inspiration for the coming conquest we attended the Elmwood New Church on a Sunday morning and were instructed in a Baccalaureate Service by the Reverend Mr. Goddard. We spent Monday making plans for the following day's enjoyment amidst the proper solemnity of the occasion.

Tuesday was set aside as Class Day. We were instructed in governmental affairs by the several inspiring essays on the Constitution of our country delivered by members of our group. The past, present, and future lives of our classmates were revealed in such documents as the Class History, Prophecy, and Will. We marched for the last time as inexperienced colonists, and we recalled to memory many amusing and more serious incidents of the past four years. The day ended with riotous cheering and the singing of the school song.

On Wednesday, June 24th, we had our graduation and paraded down the aisle of the Town Hall to the strains of "America's Finest". We were presented diplomas as a reward for our diligence and perseverance. Another speech was given urging us on to future service of greatness and victory in our life battle.

The following day we devoted to having a last good time before we marched forth to conquest. We spent this happy day at a pleasant spot called Silver Beach where we could be together and enjoy ourselves. This was our last frolic as carefree young colonists, and it was with regret that we turned homeward late in the evening, saying farewell to the days of our youth.

The final good-byes before the sailing of our outward bound ship were said at a reception the evening following the picnic. At the symbolic striking of the hour of twelve, surrounded by our group of friends and instructors, we boarded the Good Ship 1931 and sailed out to sea for the distant battlefield of Life. As the ship left the port, the passengers knew that they must soon separate and travel to various fields of endeavor wherever their battle of life should summon them. This little band of adventurers were to become separated in their search for conquest, many to become victorious and famous, others to labor humbly and obscurely, but none, we hoped, to surrender in defeat. May the Good Ship 1931 never strike colors!

Grace Chamberlain, '31.

CLASS WILL

We, the members of the Senior Class of East Bridgewater High School, having been pronounced in sound body and mind do hereby will and bequeath the following to our friends (and enemies) :

Hoping that it will strengthen the building, we leave to the school the ivory that survived the woodpecker's attack upon the United States History Class.

To Mr. Cheever we leave the memory of a class which we doubt he can get along without.

To Miss Andrews we leave a few gray hairs in remembrance of her tireless efforts to lead us "through difficulties to success."

To the rest of the faculty we leave memories of our ability to answer questions, to behave perfectly, and to prepare lessons thoroughly.

To the Juniors we leave our ability to keep a well filled treasury.

To the Sophomores we bequeath our brilliancy. Look out, Sophs, you're heading for a breakdown!

To the Freshmen we leave the example of what good Seniors should be like.

To Arnolda Curtis we leave Inez Perkins' mouse-like ways.

To Nick Medwid we leave Catherine Fogo's charming smile.

To Idella Jackson we leave Grace Chamberlain's high heels. They add, Della!

To Polly Richmond we leave Anna Turner's wave. Anna recommends Taylor's, Polly!

To Freida Ryder we leave Marie Antonevit's coquetry. Go easy on the Freshmen, Freida!

To Harvey Carlton we leave William Dowling's ability to tease the girls.

To Thomas Freeman we leave Marla Russell's seat in the Ford.

To Evelyn Colo we leave Barbara Scribner's line of slang. Don't abuse it too much!

✓ To Annie Negri we leave Esther Langdon's sensitiveness to tickling.

✓ To Beatrice Wyatt and Gladys Sturtevant we leave Doris Rand's and Peggy Aitken's professional midnight stories.

To Ruth Puffer we leave Ellen Shea's literary ability.

To Madeline Frost we leave Marjorie Ridder's place on the farm truck.

To Joseph Cary we leave Richard Kennedy's and Gerald Stetson's shocking demeanor.

To Harry Szupillo we leave Louis Calliendo's popularity.

Evelyn Gould's and Frances Nelson's golden locks may be had by anyone desiring to "catch a man." Next year is leap year, and gentlemen prefer blondes.

To George Gregoire and Ernest Fournier we leave Joseph Feeney's and Wilbur Atherton's athletic ability.

To Hester McCormack we leave Myrtle Cannon's ability to find the way to a man's heart through his stomach.

Jerry Ellis' speed we leave to Annie Amara.

To Ruth Wheaton we leave Eleanor Holmes' incessant gabbing and giggling.

✓ To Dorothea Bannerman we leave Claire Davenport's slickum. An E. B. H. heirloom, by now!

Eleanor Barker's demureness will be found in Ethel Anderson from now on (we hope).

To Harriet Winters we leave Marjorie Berry's good nature.

To Roland Engstrom we leave Elsie Anderson's persistence in adjourning class meetings.

Arthur Bernier's and Ralph Benson's acting ability to Pendergast and Burrell.

Maude Shores' ability to conduct constitutional class meetings we leave to the next Senior Class President. Follow the good example!

To the Shaw twins we leave Marjorie Steven's sisterly love.

✓ To Victor D'Arpino we leave Albert Lincoln's debonair qualities.

To Clinton Heath we leave Fred Hill's wise cracks.

To Mildred Stevens we leave Beatrice Tripp's Cleopatra costume. It helps!

To Sakio Oura and Robert Kingman we leave Charles Anderson's and Richard Frost's Damon and Pythias relationship.

To John Boland we leave Harold Pratt's green sweater.

To Eldora Reed we leave Irene Anderson's ability to answer questions.

To Julia Clogston we leave Eleanor Bussey's wicked brown eyes.

In the presence of witnesses whose names we now affix:

Lord Coko Malt

Count Kast de Roil

we the Senior Class of 1931 do declare this to be our last will and testament under Chapter XV, Section III of the General Laws of East Bridgewater High School on this twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one.

Elsie Anderson, '31, Fred Hill, '31.

CLASS PROPHECY

Somewhere on the Pacific,
May 25, 1956.

My dear Maude,

How woefully I have neglected you these last few months, after all my promises to keep your journalism sparkling with local color. We left Shanghai this morning and while the steamer is cutting its way through the gently rolling Pacific to Manila, I shall endeavor to describe some of the most interesting points of my trip, unique in that every day has held some new and strange adventure.

As you probably know, I left my New York apartment last fall at the disposal of two very dear friends, old classmates in fact, Miss Eleanor Barker, the prominent American sculptor, and her secretary, Miss Inez Perkins.

I boarded the air liner at Lakehurst, and I had scarcely taken care of my "bon voyage" flowers when the stewardess came to my room with a note from the captain. It proved to be an invitation to sit at the captain's table during the flight to Paris and was signed "Captain C. Harold Pratt"! You may be sure I was most particular about the choice of my gown, but my efforts were all in vain. I was entirely eclipsed by the illustrious gathering at that table. My dear, my table companions included such notables as the United States Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Louis Calliendo, the "Garbo" of Hollywood, Beatrix Trippit, the internationally known coach of West Point, Mr. Wilbur Atherton, Dr. Irene Anderson, A.M., PH.D., L.L.D., Miss Anna Turner, President of Radcliffe, Dr. Geraldine Ellis, the noted Vienna specialist, and that prominent Westerner, Mr. Ralph Benson, owner of the Benson Cattle Ranches located in Colorado, Wyoming, and Kansas. In spite of our varied interests, we all had been schoolmates once, and we had a very pleasant and congenial week-end, save for the evening Mr. Benson's pet Holstein, which he insisted on taking with him wherever he went, got loose and frolicked into the dining salon.

On my arrival in Paris I went straight to Dowling of the Rue de la Paix, the couturier whom I had engaged to replenish my wardrobe. I found Monsieur Dowling very skillful, and his beautiful mannequins, the Misses Marie Antonevit, Frances Nelson, and Esther Langdon, most accommodating.

Having satisfied my "clothes hunger" I immediately visited the "Evelyn Gould," a fascinating beauty shop on the Rue Saint Honore. I was very fortunate in having the damages the ethereal atmosphere

had wrought on my complexion repaired by Miss Margaret Aitkin, Miss Gould's first assistant.

The next few days I spent in the studio of Elise Andersonia, the portrait artist, who had urged me to sit for her.

After the portrait was done, I took a short trip to Mendon, fifteen miles from Paris, and laid the corner stone of the new institution for the deaf and dumb which was founded by the world's greatest philanthropists the Misses Marla Russell, Claire Davenport, and Barbara Scribner.

My last evening in Paris was most delightful. I was the guest of honor at a Bohemian Party given by Mr. Richard Frost at his studio in the Latin Quarter. Maude, I am sure you'll want to know this. His blond beauty was, as of old, set off by voluminous hangings of red velvet!

I crossed the channel in Sir Joseph Feeney's yacht. Sir Joseph wrote, you remember, the recent book, "The Therapeutic Munificence of Violet Rays On the Cerebellum." The custom officers were very lenient with me, as all my luggage was stamped with the official seal of the United States Customs Official, Mr. Gerald Stetson.

I went directly from London to the country home of Lady Harrison-Downes or, as we know her best, "Kay" Fogo. I arrived at the delightful hour of tea time just when the low, rambling mansion, the architectural triumph of Mr. Richard Kennedy, was bathed in the glory of the sun setting behind the Suffolk Hills. Lady Catherine managed her home beautifully, and the next day I had a proof of her good taste when her private secretary, Miss Marjorie Berry, told me that the dietitian was a graduate of the "Myrtle Cannon Cooking School" of Boston, Massachusetts.

The last day of my visit we received an announcement from London of a lecture to be given that day by Dr. Eleanor Holmes, the well known evangelist. We hurried to the church where Dr. Holmes was to orate, and after listening to six solid hours of oratory about absolutely nothing, we sought the cool, peaceful cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Near the poet's corner we met a student with horn-rimmed spectacles and square toed shoes who introduced herself as Miss Eleanor Bussey, a student of genealogy at Oxford.

The remainder of my stay in England was given over to purely social activities, for the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Mr. Charles Frederick Hill, was to present two other Americans, the Misses Marjorie Stevens and Marjorie Ridder, and me to their Royal Highnesses, the King and Queen of England. One week after the memorable night when Mr. Hill's satin knickerbockers and black

silk-stockinged calves preceded our flowing trains down the length of the throne room, I left for a tour of Egypt.

At last the day came when I found myself struggling up the side of one of the pyramids, and, hanging there rather precariously in mid-air, I heard floating from the other side, "Oh, sing the name of E. B. High!"—At the peak I encountered Professor Charles Anderson of the Geographical Society who was busily engaged in measuring the volume and perimeter of the pyramids. Do you remember, Maude, the time he used to spend figuring out just such geometrical problems?

At Cairo, on my way back to the coast, I stopped for a few hours to witness the start of an expedition to the Swiss Alps. An incredible number of men, horses, and automobiles were to struggle from one mountain peak to another in search of the lost chord. I recognized the leaders of this party at once as Rear-Admiral Lincoln and Lieutenant Arthur Bernier, having myself been a member of their first history-making exploration into the wilds of Joppa in search of the Westdale School.

I spent only a few weeks in the Orient, and the ship is due to dock at San Francisco on June 1. My secretary, Miss Grace Chamberlain, will meet me there, and we shall fly east in my Fokker plane which will be flown by my aviatrix, Miss Doris Rand. We expect to arrive in East Bridgewater on June 6, in due time for the silver jubilee of the class of 1931. I am most enthusiastic about this reunion, and I sincerely hope that the ideals and principles which have guided us through twenty-five years of our business lives will guide us for another quarter century to our golden jubilee in 1981. I am sure they will, Maude, with you as Class President.

Your devoted friend,

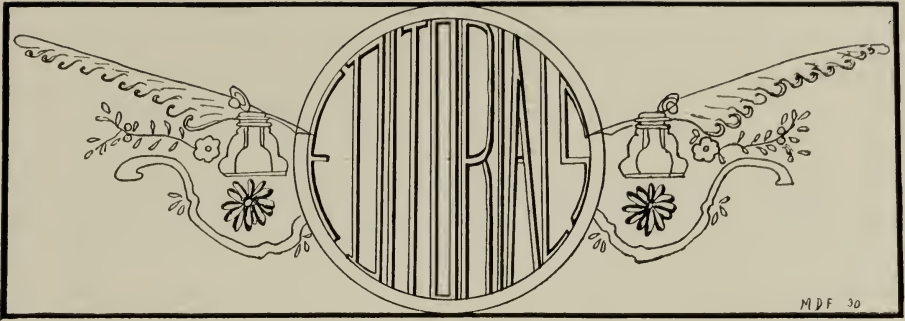
Ellen Marie Shea, '31.

CLASS ODE SHIPS OF YOUTH

Sailing out on an ocean of blue,
Cargo-laden, for ports afar,
There's a ship that will e'er be held fast
To its course by a guiding star;
On the deep waters' waves to far climes
With that star's silver gleam to lead
Bravely forth does this ship onward press
With a spirit of faith its creed.

Starting forth with the Spirit of Youth,
Ready poised on the waves of Life,
We are ships launching out on the sea
Always eager to face the strife;
For new glories and ventures we aim
Ever ready to meet the need;
We are led by an ardor divine,
With a spirit of faith our creed.

Elsie Anderson, '31.



The Editor Closes Her Desk. As June with all its commencement festivities again rolls around, the "Pen", with the graduation issue, closes its books for the year 1930-1931. Looking back we regret that our aims have not all been accomplished and our hopes not realized. At the same time, however, we feel inwardly a certain thrill which comes only when one has plunged up to his ears in the work, and we reluctantly bequeath our responsibilities to the incoming staff. They will take up the work left by the present staff and it will be their duty to guide the "Pen" upward to new goals of success. Since its first edition was issued eleven years ago, our magazine has been steadily growing. In the future this growth must continue. To accomplish this end not only must there be co-operation in the staff but also in the school. Individuals must bury their prejudices in pulling shoulder to shoulder for the best interests of our magazine. Pettiness and co-operation do not go hand in hand; the former therefore must not be allowed to interfere when the common support of our magazine is concerned. Without whole-hearted support from the students the "Pen" cannot accomplish its aim in becoming a representative paper of high standards; with it the "Pen" can become as fine as any magazine in the League.

Catharine Fogo, '31.

Congratulations! At last we have a school song, melody and all! We have had the lyric, written by Ruth Puffer, for some time, but not until now have we had the music. The melody would do credit to any university or college. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Mary Shaw, our composer, and Ruth Puffer, our poet.

Do we all appreciate the significance of our song, the song that will cheer our athletic teams on to victory down through the years, the song that will ring at future class days and is bound to be sung and played outside the school and in the homes? Can we all imagine what this song is going to mean to us in the years to come? Shall we

carry these sentiments onward and upward, and, if any of us ever travel that "road to triumphant fame," shall we look back and say, "That song and the ideals for which it stands have helped me".

Robert Kingman, '32.

The Juniors Accept The Challenge. "Oh! what has become of our Jolly Juniors?—Come, Juniors, we want action!" Such was the challenge of the school news editor in the Christmas issue. And have we given them action? Plenty of it!

Are you beginning to notice the Juniors going about school and town with their noses held high? Yes, we admit it! What class wouldn't feel proud who had proved themselves to be outstanding in school activities? For instance? Well, there's the declamation contest. Who were the victors at the school finals, both boy and girl? Robert Kingman and Mildred Stevens, both from the Junior class! What class produced the school song? The Junior class can certainly be proud and swell with pride when they sing "Heart of Dear Old Sachem." Who composed it? Ruth Puffer the lyric, and Mary Shaw the melody, both Juniors again!

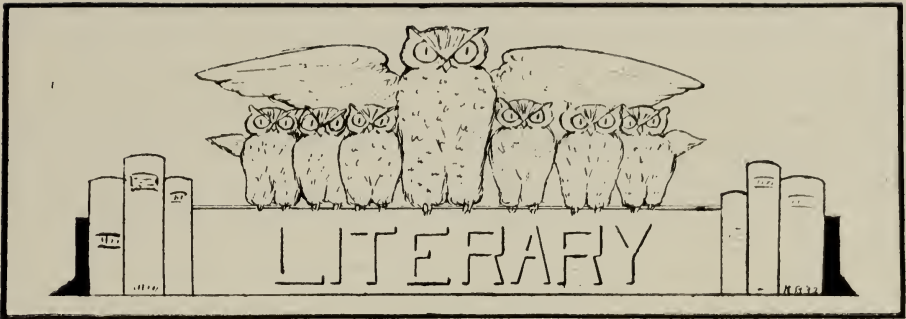
Now who was it who wanted to know what had become of the Juniors? Who was it who claimed action was lacking? You admitted the Juniors started this year off in a blaze of glory, but now the Juniors can say they are closing the year with a bang!

Arax Adabashian, '32.

What is Success? We measure ribbon by the yard, water by the gallon, and our lives by the years. What, may I ask, are we given to measure success by? Success of the individual, or success of the nation at large,—What is it? What is its price?

When we, the class of 1931, go out into the world on our own responsibility, I wonder what we shall measure our success by, however great or small it may be. Shall we use as a measure the dollar and cent sign, the bold printed headlines, or the number of college degrees we are able to add to our names? All these mean a great deal, but they are not always the direct road to success. Real success comes from work, self control, and will power. It may come today and be gone tomorrow, it may cost us many hardships, many bitter tears. However, each must decide for himself what his particular degree of success shall be, and make that his life's aim. We must set our own mark, pay our own price. What will YOURS be?

Beatrice Tripp, '31.



DESERT PICTURE

A long line of camels carrying their riders move slowly across the sands, outlined against the glow of the sunset. It is Yukah and his band of thirteen Arabs, who have just completed a long day's journey across the blazing desert.

Suddenly a cry goes up. One of the Arabs sees a water-hole, and during the next few minutes the scene is alive with excitement. The riders get down from their camels and scoop up the cool, refreshing water in their hollowed palms, and then they fill great skin water bags to relieve the dry, parched throats of their camels. Then the tents are pitched, and the evening meal is prepared. As darkness comes, all are seated around the fire, the camels tethered nearby.

Suddenly Yukah notices that the flames of the campfire begin to flicker as if they had been sprinkled with phosphorus. The stars are beginning to disappear from sight, one by one, and the air grows colder as a thin film of sand stirs across the desert. Tada, the oldest of the natives, knows these changes as signs of the sandstorm, dreaded by both man and beast of the desert. He calls to the natives to hasten to untie the camels and bring them nearer the fire, for if this is not done, they will run headlong into the oncoming storm, to be lost forever from their masters. Yukah commands the men to bring blankets from the tents to cover the camels.

Then the men themselves hasten into the tents, close the flaps to prevent as much sand as possible from coming into the tent, and wrap themselves in blankets to keep out the cold. All this time the wind increases, and the sand drives in sheets, so that the men cannot see from one tent to another. The wind howls, and the cold is so intense that sleep is impossible.

The next morning, as the sun rises once more, Yukah, with his men and camels stand outside the tents and gaze in awe across the

great expanse of desert. How different from what it was the night before! Nothing can be seen but curious mounds of yellow sand. Old Tada knows that, although Allah was kind to them, many creatures which they saw on their journey the day before would never again enjoy the sacred privilege of watching the sun rise. Turning to the men he says slowly, "Allah knows best!"

Marjorie Howland, '33.

THE SHRIMP

Jimmy sighed as he watched the couples on the floor dancing gracefully in time to the latest hit. It must be fun dancing! He glanced at his watch,—almost time for the Lonton High School dance to be over. Soon the orchestra stopped playing and began to pack their instruments. Jimmy got his hat and coat, ran outside, and stopped a classmate who was warming up his engine.

"Hey, Bill, got room for another?" he asked cheerfully.

"Sorry, but I'm loaded," was the cold answer.

Jimmy hustled up to another car but got the same reply. He turned and walked quietly away watching the cars full of young people, laughing and singing, swing out on the highway. There *had* been room enough in those two cars, for he had noticed them as they raced out of the drive.

Suddenly pulsating waves of anger swept through him, and he muttered bitterly to himself, "Oh, of course there wasn't room for a-a-a shrimp! You've got to be manly nowadays and go with a manly crowd. Yes, cars, dances, cigarettes,—those are the things that make *men*! Yes, and even *women*! Huh!"

Soon, however, Jimmy cooled off and started a steady jog on the seven mile home stretch. He loved running and could keep it up for two or three miles. Several cars passed. Finally one stopped, and a man good-naturedly offered him a ride.

"Only going a little way," the driver explained, "but jump in." They rode along for a while, not in silence, for the old Ford was going at a remarkable speed, and her metallic accessories were complaining in loud rattles and thumps.

"Look!" the driver exclaimed suddenly, "see that dern fool try to pass there!" Jimmy could see a car ahead of them making a desperate attempt to pass another one which also seemed to want the lead. Perhaps things would have turned out safely if a third car had not appeared from the opposite direction. It all happened very quickly. The passing

car side-swiped the other, which crashed into a fence guarding the edge of a bridge. A man was flung over the broken fence and into the river.

Jimmy jumped from his seat and ran to the bridge where he scanned the surface of the water hurriedly, at the same time taking off his shoes and heavy clothing. With a leap he dived into the river, came to the top for air, and made a couple of surface dives. Grasping a coat he struggled to rise, but instead of air his groping hand struck a ceiling of slimy rock. Instantly he realized what had happened. The current had carried them beneath the bridge. By treading water and pushing his face up he found a pocket of air. Another deep breath, a dive, ten long strokes, and still under the bridge. Although blood throbbed in his ears, and his head ached, Jimmy still clung faithfully to the unknown person who might have been drowned by that time for all he knew. He caught his fingers in the stones above him and gave a strong push.

At last, thank heaven! Air! Almost exhausted, his clothes like a suit of armor, the man's body heavy as a huge stone, the rescuer swam slowly to the nearest bank. He staggered on to land and emptied the water from the fellow's lungs. It wasn't until after he had restored his breath that he recognized Bill Kreation, the fellow who didn't have room for a shrimp.

"Well," thought Jimmy, "perhaps I can't dance and drive a car, but it's lucky for you that this 'shrimp' can swim." Where-at-the Shrimp lost consciousness.

Jarvis Burrell, '32.

SOUVENIR

Memorial Day,—day of haunting, elusive, yet strangely vivid memories for some, and just another holiday for others. To the people who have seen a time of war, who realize its toll of human lives, then only does Memorial Day have a real and lasting significance. To many of the tired toilers it is just another day. A day to anticipate, to be sure, for isn't that a day when the persistent call of the alarm clock is just so much noise to them? They have two or maybe three more hours of glorious sleep in the morning. Oh, yes, the folks attended to the graves, the Legion or some other worthy organization had a parade in town. That's as deep as it goes. They sleep in the morning and play in the afternoon.

On the other hand, perhaps the tired toilers are right, perhaps we

should rejoice and be glad and gay, for there is peace. But we should remember those who fought to make it so that we might have peace, those who now lie in hospitals broken and torn by the war, some never to be mended, some with a fighting chance. They deserve all the help and comfort we can give them. The others, the ones who have gone home, are beyond our power to help or heal. They are in the House of God.

The veterans of the Grand Army are swiftly passing, but we are fortunate enough to have in our town, three elderly gentlemen who hold the banner for the war of 1861; two of them, Mr. Jones and Mr. Allen, were the favored guests of the High School on May 29, and both participated in our Memorial Day Program. Mr. Allen described the conditions of warfare at the time of the Civil War. He also explained the reason for President Lincoln's entering the war. Mr. Jones, although old and feeble, spoke of the dread war and his love for his dear uniform which symbolizes his reward for loyal service.

The veteran representing the World War was Reverend William Parker, who vividly took his young and inexperienced audience abroad with him to the battlefield of Flanders Field, and let them witness the horrible experiences of destruction that the young lads went through while on the battlefield. He made a distinct contrast, showing us why the Civil War was a war of justice because of its purpose in saving the Union, and the World War only a common slaughter house for those who dared to risk their lives to prove that this nation was far superior both on land and sea, and should therefore take its place among the powerful nations of the world.

The East Bridgewater High School students are proud of their veterans, and hope that they themselves may never have to live thirty or sixty years after a bloody conflict with the dreadful scenes of warfare in their minds.

Frances Nelson, '31,
Marla Russell, '31.

BOOK AND PLAY REVIEW

The Story of San Michele: Dr. Axel Munthe. "The Story of San Michele" might possibly be called "The Memoirs of A Doctor." However, it is not an autobiography in the strict sense of the word, but rather the experiences and dreams of a physician and psychiatrist. The title "San Michele" is derived from the name which the author gave his summer home. It was formerly a chapel in Capri and is

reached by climbing seven hundred and seventy-seven Phoenician steps. Dr. Munthe made it his home as a result of dreams and visions rather than by architectural plans.

One travels, in reading this book, to Italy, Sweden, Spain, and France, and one meets people of every conceivable type. The author gives us tragic pictures of Life and Death. Horrible but nevertheless fascinating and realistic are his accounts of the cholera plague in Naples and the earthquake in Messina. He chooses a very charming manner in which to tell of his boyhood. He goes on a rough journey in Lapland and sleeps one night in the loft of a village farmhouse. In his dreams a tiny goblin sits on the table by his bedside, and in his conversation with the goblin the author reveals the incidents of his youth. In this and in many other episodes throughout the book Dr. Munthe delves deeply into dreams and philosophy. He encounters human suffering both mental and physical such as those who are not physicians rarely experience. He was in close contact with Dr. Charcot, the French master, who experimented in the theories of hypnotism and was associated with the famous Dr. Pasteur in his research work in connection with hydrophobia.

Dr. Munthe is a great lover of animals, and the most ferocious beasts are tame and gentle at the touch of his hand. One of his favorite tales is of how he took the splinter from a huge lion's paw and nursed the wound. One of his favorite animals is the monkey, which he understands thoroughly, and he is able to give the reader a much keener insight into the lives and characteristics of these little animals.

Dr. Munthe is now living in Rome. He left his practice at Paris and went to San Michele but was forced to leave his beautiful and beloved villa, as the bright sunshine was too much for his eyes. Thus, the "Story of San Michele" ends, as it began, a beautiful dream.

Dr. Munthe has written another book entitled "Death and The Doctor" which will be published either late in the summer or early Fall.

Mildred Stevens, '32.

Actors and People: Peggy Wood. Those who have seen the actress Peggy Wood in any of her famous stage or talkie roles or who are interested in the stage and the drama in general will find "Actors and People" a highly fascinating and informative book about the theater, the specialty of the author Peggy Wood. Peggy Wood is an English actress, but she is now devoting most of her time to the American stage. She has appeared in many leading roles, not only in stage plays but

also in the motion-pictures. One of her important parts was "Portia" in "The Merchant of Venice" produced recently by George Arliss.

Peggy Wood reveals and talks about many great actors, actresses, and the variety of audiences, and about beginners in stage work and their chances of success. She says that people think actors and actresses have nothing to do but appear in society, attend dances, and travel, but if they do all this, between times they must play their parts and not fail the company no matter what happens. She writes, "The audience is not interested in whether the actor has a toothache or has lost his girl or cherishes a secret woe; all they want is a show, and they expect the best to be had. He is there to give a performance." The actor must be well educated, and his diction must be clear and pleasant. "Those final g's and middle t's in 'often' show up these days when every blemish of speech is picked up and magnified to the sorrow of many actors."

There is a chapter, especially interesting to music lovers, on Madame Emma Calvé, one on Bernard Shaw and the author's interview with him, and another containing much information and many interesting notes on the talking-pictures and her work in them.

This book proves that not only is Peggy Wood a splendid actress but she is also a competent author. Whether it be before the footlights or with pen in hand, Peggy Wood is a star performer.

Arax Odabashian, '32.

"The Second Twenty Years At Hull House:" Jane Addams. Ever since 1889, when Hull House, a settlement located in Chicago, was first established, America has been watching and marvelling at Jane Addams, the founder of this institution. Now, at the advanced age of three score years and ten, Miss Addams has avoided the pretensions of both old age and youth, and by recording carefully what she deems significant "in the way of experience or reflection" from September, 1909, to September, 1929, has given her fellow countrymen a record of the advance of American affairs and the onward march of civilization in the last twenty years.

In a straightforward and simple style Jane Addams sets forth her narrative. With subtle humor and the ability of a true story teller she writes of the events, great and small, that occurred at Hull House directly before and after the World War. She uses some autobiographical material in the writing of affairs which revolve about Hull House, and for this, which to her is a thoroughly egotistical procedure, she sincerely apologizes in her first chapter. "Such a motive has cer-

tainly been a definite factor in the last twenty years at Hull House, and an effort to define it as well as to illustrate it must be my apology for much of the succeeding pages which may seem unduly autobiographical and also far afield from the corner of Halsted and Polk Streets, Chicago."

Miss Addams has led the life typical of a philanthropist and social worker. The work at Hull House covers an extremely wide field. Industrial and academic classes are held there, babies are cared for while their mothers work, there is advanced work in the arts, and wholesome evening entertainments are provided for the young people. In short Miss Addams, through the medium of Hull House, has put forth every effort to gain a close contact with people, young and old, and help them get something out of life.

In addition to the author's splendid work as a social worker she has taken an active interest in civic affairs. She has served on the Chicago Board of Education and has had a brilliant career as a magazine writer, lecturer, and author, having written "Democracy and Social Ethics," "Twenty Years at Hull House." In 1912 she took a prominent part in the organization of the Progressive Party and was vice-president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. In 1915 she presided at the International Peace Conference of Women at The Hague. The time and energy Miss Addams has spent on the suffrage question and women's politics in general is very evident in her chronicles. The Great World War was to Miss Addams a great factor in world politics, and she describes and discusses politics as they were affected by the war.

The author unconsciously unfolds her own character in the course of her narrative, and as we turn the pages of her book, we think not of the recorded events but of the rapidly aging yet still energetic woman who has for the last forty years stretched out helping hands to struggling humanity and with these same hands, guided by her keen intelligence, her vital enthusiasm, and her sympathetic heart, has lifted millions of men above the slums and, with a cheery smile, has sent them along the road to success and American citizenship. Surely it is with sincere regret that we look *back* upon the work of this fellow American, for we must face the inevitable fact that Jane Addams cannot spend another twenty years at Hull House.

Ellen Shea, '31.

Poetry

KING OF THE WINDS

Darkness is past. The dawn is gray.
 Misty rose is tingeing the east,
 Softening with its touch the cold, lofty cliffs,
 The home of the King of the Winds,
 Who now, stepping forth on the highest cliff
 Spreads his great shining wings to the brightening sky.

A giant is he, like granite his face,
 His body is bronzed, splendid and strong,
 Yet delicately graceful. His bearing is proud,
 Though his eyes, like stars, softly shine.
 Long, flowing, black locks his shoulders conceal,
 From their depths burst the gleams of a crown.

O Wind, thus do I see thee, a giant,—gentle,
 Yet strong as the cliffs of thy mountain home.

Mary Shaw, '22

TO BE GAY

Oh, to be free like the flying cloud
 That sails in the summer skies,
 Oh, to be gay like the merry breeze
 That comes when the winter dies.

Oh, to sing like the meadow lark
 That soars o'er the sunny leas,
 Oh, to dance like the daffodils,
 That sway to the tune of bees.

But if we all could dance and sing
 And were always gay and free,
 There'd surely be some other thing
 We'd want to do or be.

Julia Clogston, '32.

SONNET

This Death, whom men have wooed, to me seems strange:
No heart to sympathize, no soul to feel
The sterling passion of Love's interchange
And settle Love's reward on Man's ordeal.
Pray, where's this wanton goddess, young with time?
What secret herb prolongs her yearless reign,
Which cozens men to seek her in their prime,
Who, seeking, strive till they are spent with pain?
How shall we find her, whom our father's sued
To order settlement on their poor fate?
Oh, let her, for their unrequited blood,
Repair with Love alone that sullied state!
Then, were I not foresworn to loving Life,
I'd say, "Who's Death?" and seek her for my wife.

Stanley B. Goldman, '30.

BONDS

Long years ago in a Gallic War
I was captured and sold as a slave.
I laboured in fields, being treated
With cruelty unsurpassed,
And was sold again.
I toiled as a house-slave, easier were my tasks;
Then to a new master was I sold that his youths I might teach.

I am teaching, and am freer still, but feel bonds chafing;
I know I can not come unto my own.
Though now my labour is not hard, I can not lose the thought
That all my life
Will be spent
In slavery.

Elsie Anderson, '31.



ALUMNI NEWS

1914

Richard Henry Dunphe was married to Miriam Haldeman Hunsicker on June 13, 1931 at Washington Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Mr. Dunphe was the only "man" in a class of seven graduating from East Bridgewater High School in 1914.

1922

Marion Presby Nutter was married to Allan Nelson Briggs on June 6, 1931 at Jamestown, New York. Mrs. Briggs was the private secretary of Dudley Clark of the H. C. Wainwright Co. of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Briggs is engineer for the Howe Scales Company in Rutland, Vermont.

1924

Ralph Howland Hall was graduated this month from Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration and will enter the sales department of the Dictophone Sales Corporation. On July 12, he will leave for Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he will become a member of a training class conducted by the company.

1926

John Thorndike will graduate from Harvard College this June. Mr. Thorndike has attained the degree of Bachelor of Arts and is planning to enter Harvard Law School next year.

1927

Donald Bruce Bannerman has completed his sophomore year at Union College, Schenectady, New York. He is taking courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1928

H. Leroy Willis, who was a member of the class of 1928, is attending Park's Air College in East St. Louis, Illinois.

Barbara Scribner, '31.

LAST LEAGUE MEETING OF THE YEAR HELD AT WHITMAN

"Red and Black" Welcomes Staffs from Schools of Southeastern Massachusetts

In a drizzly rain seven of us, Bennie Goldman, Jam Burrell, Robert Kingman, Maude Shores, Eleanor Holmes, Kay Fogo, and Ellen Shea, packed into Bennie's Ford and set out for Whitman. Once arrived and registered, we appropriated the best looking guide and inspected Whitman High School. The guide proved to be a one-time pupil of E. B. H. S., no other than Elmer Ladousseur. (Please notice that Maude Shores was one of the party!)

The most important factor of the general meeting was the announcement of the new officers for 1931-1932. The departmental meetings took place as usual. The distinguishing features of this League meeting were the excellent supper and the prolonged dancing hour.

Leaving Whitman High School at the reasonable hour of 9.30, we decided that it was our sacred duty as well as the appropriate time to make one more trip to Webster's in Stoughton. Save for a minor difficulty which occurred in the exact center of Whitman when Robert Kingman pulled out the choke, causing us to cover the whole town with the smoke that poured in volumes from the back of the Ford, we jogged along at a very reasonable rate, slowed down in front of the Brockton Hospital for the benefit of those who had any desire to fall out of the car, blew our horn continually as we passed through Avon for the purpose, of course, of safeguarding pedestrians, and finally reached Webster's. The waitresses received us with open arms, and after a pleasant half hour spent there we turned homeward, most of us wearing a whimsical expression, for we were looking back over all just such jolly times we had spent in various parts of Southeastern Massachusetts.

COURSE IN ADVANCED LATIN PROVES GAYEST IN SCHOOL CURRICULUM

Members of Latin III and IV Spend Enjoyable Evening in Boston— Enjoy Dip in The Tiber on June 17.

Latin maybe a dead language, but certainly the people who study it are not. Never before in the history of the school has the Latin Class enjoyed such a profusion of social activities. On May 13, at the invitation of our teacher, Miss Mary Sullivan, a member of the Classical Club of Greater Boston, we journeyed to Boston, again in Bennie Goldman's Ford, to attend a one act play and an illustrated lecture given by the Classical Club at the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University. We were actually fascinated by the Latin program and afterwards were delighted with the meeting in the Forum where we were given a chance to chat over our refreshments. As per usual we concluded the evening's festivities in Stoughton. On June 17, the class journeyed to Rome (Pinehurst) where we enjoyed a dip in the Tiber. After feasting on figs and wine (or was it sandwiches and tonic?) and participating in the Olympic Games on the beach, we rode home through the twilight feeling well satisfied with the success of our Latin course.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES

The Week of June 21, Chosen as Senior Week

Save for the "Pen" Show to which several seniors lent their enthusiastic support, the social activities of the seniors have been momentarily suspended since the Class Play. However, the seniors are dismissed on June 19, and then will start a series of events which promise to come thick and fast. On Sunday, June 20, the entire class will attend a Baccalaureate Service at the Elmwood New Church at 10.45 A. M. Tuesday morning at 9.00 A. M. the school will honor the seniors in the Class Day program. Graduation is scheduled for Wednesday, June 24, at 8.00 P. M. On Thursday the seniors will leave their dignity in East Bridgewater and adjourn to Old Silver Beach for the class picnic. Despite probable sunburns, blisters, and cut feet, the members of the graduating class will stand together for the last time

when their friends may offer their congratulations at the Senior Reception on Friday, June 26, at 8.00 P. M. At 12.00 the class of 1931 will relinquish all claims on E. B. H. S. and give up their place of honor to the rightful owners, the members of the class of 1932.



EAST BRIDGEWATER SCHOOL BAND

SCHOOL BAND LIONIZED BY EAST BRIDGEWATER SOCIETY

**Members Improve With Praise—Director Must, in The Future, go
Hatless**

The East Bridgewater School Band which made its debut in the early spring has been, for the last months, the very center of our social whirl. The Band has appeared before such notable affairs as the Woman's Club Meetings, The Elmwood New Church Tea Party, The School Exhibit, The "Pen" Show, and The Child Health Day Exercises. Its triumphant march to success will reach its peak of glory on Class Day. We sincerely hope we will be able to afford a new hat for Mr. Churchill!

SECOND ANNUAL STUNT NIGHT PROVED HIGHLY ENTERTAINING

Amateur Theatricals Put on For The Benefit of A. A.—Sponsored by Many Underclassmen

As we look back over the ancient history of 1931, many questions, not least among which concern Stunt Night, come to mind. When did Minnie Harris learn all that fascinating eccentric dancing? How did Mike Robbins, the camera man in the "Hollywood Revues", manage to keep the crank going at such a terrific speed? What became of the cigar that Serkin used in portraying the part of a Hollywood director? Why has Ned Fogo kept his ability as a comedian so long hidden? How has Eleanor Bussey escaped the movies? Where did Bill Dowling get his perfect manner as a Night Club master of ceremonies? How can Philip Turner make us enjoy "Betty Co-ed" although we may be hearing it for the hundredth time?

FACULTY PLANS PLEASANT SUMMER

Our Pedagogical Staff to Enjoy Many and Varied Amusements

We hereby dip our pens into the ink for the last time this year in order that the student body may be informed of the whereabouts of their superiors during the ensuing months. Mr. Cheever informs us that he will sit on his back porch this summer and keep watch over his vegetable garden. Miss Andrews will be in Elmwood watching the success of the new bridge. Miss Smith will be in Maine the first of July and the last of August, and in various other parts of New England the remainder of the vacation, but all her mail must be sent to her home in Medway. Miss Paul will leave June 30, for a European trip. She plans to visit Scotland, France, Germany, England, Holland, and Italy. Three members of the faculty will continue along studious lines for Miss Hutchins will attend Harvard Summer School, Mr. Churchill, Boston University, and Mr. Donahue Boston College, Mr. Moorehouse, Miss Sullivan, and Mrs. Belyea have not as yet completed their vacation plans, but they may be reached through their home addresses. Miss Deehan will be excited this summer for a little bird has told us that her wedding bells will ring out on August 19th. The "Pen" Staff takes this opportunity to send "best wishes" for the future joy and happiness of one of our most esteemed teachers.

A SPLENDID DEFEAT PROVES GREATER THAN VICTORY

Declamation Contest Held at Hanover May 22—Two Juniors Represent E. B. H. S.

As the passing of each day brought us nearer May 22, the excitement which was shared by the entire school reached a high pitch. Every week a new group of contestants stepped out on the stage to "declaim". Many and varied were these declamations, but finally the judges decided upon two juniors, Miss Mildred Stevens and Mr. Robert Kingman, to represent East Bridgewater High in the finals at Hanover. Miss Stevens gave selections from Sir James Matthew Barrie's "Little Minister," and Kingman read "The Fool's Prayer" by Edward Rowland Sill. Even though they didn't bring home the cup, they made a gallant attempt, and as they both have another year ahead of them in their high school careers, we are sure they will do all in their power to push the East Bridgewater team over the top in the Declamation Contest next year.

SENIOR SHORTHAND CLASS ENJOY TRIP TO BOSTON

Guests of Miss Paul at a Dinner Followed by Theatre Party

It's a good thing Miss Paul's car is reasonably roomy, for her invitations to this affair were accepted with flattering promptness. Upon arriving in Boston, our future secretaries and business women spent the afternoon window shopping. We hear, however, that they had some trouble with their chops at dinner. (We suggest Peroni's for the next outing.) In the evening the party went to the State Theatre to see "Shipmates." The girls, however, brought no marines home as souvenirs.

JUNIOR PROM HELD JUNE 5

Most Important Social Affair of The Year Went off in a Blaze of Glory

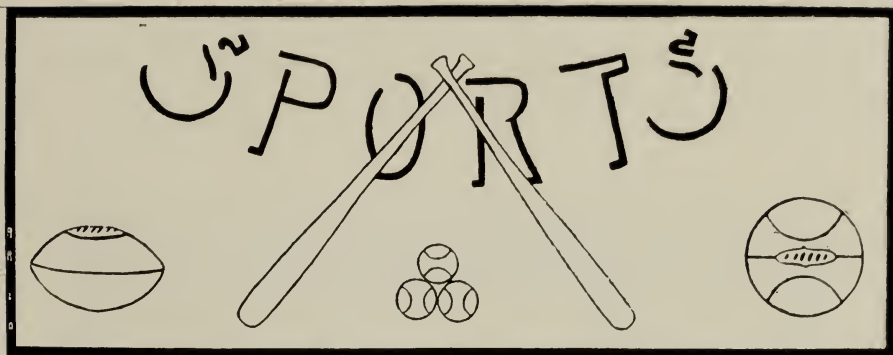
The Prom, which has long since been eclipsed by the bustle of graduation, scored a decided success for the Junior Class. Although the Juniors worked hard, much praise is due Miss Smith, the Junior faculty advisor and Miss Lennon who supervised the decorations for

this all-important event. The Juniors came out of their shells and they simply overwhelmed us with the success of their grand march which was led in a masterly style by Miss Ruth Puffer and John Ring, followed by Miss Dorothy Geary and Gordon Campbell. We hear lots of chatter concerning Eddie Burke's snappy orchestra, the flowers the Junior Class officers wore and the beautiful gown of our young debutantes, but we would suggest that next year's Juniors decorate for their Prom with electric fans.



SOME OF E. B. HIGH'S ATHLETES

Back row—Harvey Carleton, Ivus Richmond, Edmund Bird, Wilbur Atherton.
Front row—Sakio Oura, Gordon Lovell, Thomas Freeman, William Dowling,
Ralph Benson, Leonard Holmes, Albert Lincoln.



BASEBALL

Over thirty candidates responded to Coach Moorhouse's call for baseball material. After a few weeks of practice, the coach welded together a nine to represent our school worthily. We entered the South Shore League with such teams as: Norwell, Cohasset, Hanover, Marshfield, Kingston, Scituate, Pembroke, and Duxbury.

With thirteen games played to date, we have won seven and lost six. We defeated Hanover, Norwell, Pembroke, Marshfield, Wareham, West Bridgewater, and Duxbury. Cohasset and Kingston defeated us twice, and Stetson and Wareham once. Of five games remaining on the schedule we expect to win at least three, so the outlook appears bright in regard to a succesful baseball season.

The lineup of the team is as follows:

C., Atherton, Viets	S.S., Boland
P., McKenzie, Gregory	L.F., Hennessey
1st, Holmes	C.F., (Capt.) Calliendo
2nd, Robbins	R.F., Fournier
3rd, Serkin, Feeney	Subs, Carleton, Aldrich

Graduation hits this year's team, since Calliendo, Atherton, and Feeney graduate.

OUR ATHLETIC FRESHMEN

Gregory and Fournier deserve much commendation. Only on rare occasions do we hear of a freshman breaking into the lineups in football, basketball, and baseball. Both of these boys played regularly in all the contests in three sports. Our parting wish is, "Good luck!" We wonder what these boys will do when they become seniors.

SPORT SQUIBS

Mike Robbins is never seen on the diamond wearing stockings or a hat. Trying to show your new tan, Mike?

Serkin: I hear "Bill" and "Mac" have offers to join up with one of the Big Leagues.

Gregorie: That's great! Bill's got the ability and Mac has the confidence!



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row—Dorothea Bannerman, manager, Frances Richmond, Ethel Anderson, Marion Thompson, Miss Eula Hutchins, coach.
Front row—Marie Antonevit, Maude Shores, captain, Doris Rand.

Wib has perfected a muss-proof hair slickum. Try it, boys; play a whole game and still look like John Barrymore!

The season's most outstanding feature: Molly Moorhouse's first base line coaching.

Miss Hutchins has a tricky little score keeper. Sometimes it ceases to work when there's cheering to be done!

Lost a ball? The game will drag
 But not with Sakio's **LITTLE BLACK BAG**,
 For he's the manager of the E. B. nine,
 You can rely on him any old time!



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—Catharine Fogo, Ellen Shea, Ethel Anderson, Marion Thompson, Dorothea Bannerman, Miss Louise Deehan, coach.
 Sitting—Frances Richmond, Marla Russell, captain, Maude Shores, manager.

Faithful Members of Our Cheering Section

All the Seniors
 All the Juniors
 All the Sophomores
 All the Freshman
 All the Faculty
 All the Townspeople
 Miss Hutchins
 Molly Moorhouse

We thank you!

Sartorial elegance: Mr. Moorhouse's ball cap!

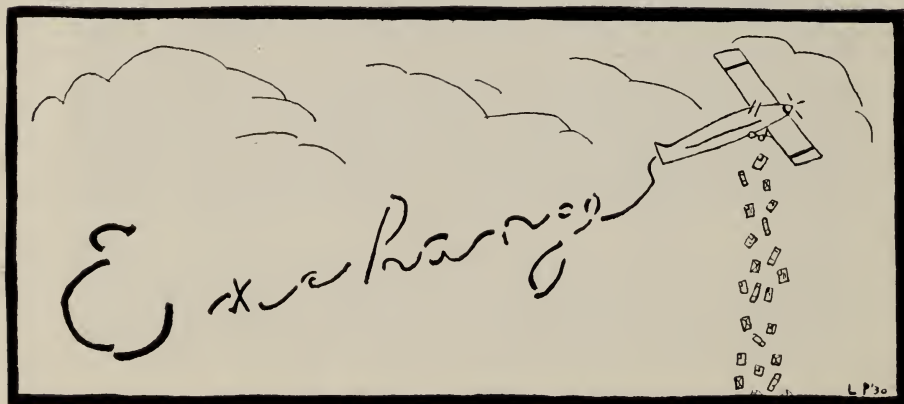
Why do most of the opposing teams fear Mac? Get an eyeful of his wonderful assortment of shoots, his changes in pace, and his control!

As basketball players Mr. Cheever and Mr. Reardan are good golfers!

Cy Serkin says, "We're in the big league class now." Sure! See the numbers on the backs of our shirts?

The visiting pitchers never know the game's started. Pewee's our first man at bat! They can't see him!

Maude Shores, '31,
Joseph Feeney, '31.



The Exchange Editors regret that comments on the "Pen" by other schools cannot be published in this issue. We have received no letters containing helpful suggestions or constructive criticisms.

INTERESTING NOTES FROM OTHER MAGAZINES

We find that the good short stories in the "Semaphore" are the results of a short story contest. In the spring issue of this same magazine there is a rather unique page of pictures of the students taken when they were in the fourth and fifth grades.

"The Blue Owl" tells us that in Attleboro High School there are several student organizations, including a debating club. The fact that there are debating teams in most high schools ought to be an incentive to the introduction of such a society in East Bridgewater High.

Exchange Editors find that the second and third issues of the "Shipbuilder," Norwell, are decided improvements over the first issue. Since the students of Norwell High started their paper only last fall, we are very interested in watching the growth of their periodical. We learn that these students were very enthusiastic over the presentation of their operetta, "The Sunbonnet Girl."

EXCHANGE JOKES

A Sharp Argument

Stan: "Really, Freddy, your argument with Madelene last night was funny."

Freddy: "Wasn't it, though. When she threw the axe at me, I thought I'd split!"

—"The Sachem."

An English assignment required a list of books and magazines read during the summer.

This was found on one paper. Magazines read: Sears, Roebuck Catalogue. Montgomery, Ward, etc.

—"The Arguenot."

Dear Old Lady (in curiosity shop): "I suppose this is another of those horrible futuristic paintings which you call art."

Urban storekeeper: "Excuse me, madam, but that is a mirror."

—"The Argus."

Eleanor Holmes, '31,
Harriett Winters, '32.



A CLASS JOURNEY

It was a glorious *April* day. Spring had already appeared in her garments of green, and winter's icy Frost had long since disappeared. Mabel And 'er son were ready to start on their long Tripp, waiting patiently on the Davenport for their Lincoln to appear in the driveway. Growing restless, Mabel rose from the sofa to gaze out of the nearby window. As she did this, the Russell of her silk dress could be heard. The Lincoln arrived in due time, and they were soon on their way. Mabel had an er-Rand to do before leaving the city, and upon its completion and with nothing to hinder them, they left the city behind and were headed for the Shores along the coast.

The scenery which they passed was gorgeous. Straw-Berry fields, flower gardens, and endless rows of shrubbery were scenes of interest to the occupants of the car. A steep Hill was certainly an adventure, because, as the car was nearing the top, it stopped and refused to budge. Luck was with them, for a horse and Shea appeared upon the scene, and with this aid the car was hauled to the top of the Hill. The Lincoln came to its senses and started on its interrupted journey. They passed a chemistry building, and even though going at a rapid rate, they could see a chemist standing by a window tinkering with a B(e)unson-Bern(i)er.

They were passing many woods, and seeing a peculiar looking Bird, the son said, "Do you see that bird perched on that tree, Mother? Let's get out and look at it."

"No, D(ow)arling," was the reply, "my feet are bothering me. They have been Aitken' ever since we started on this journey."

The boy, a conscientious and sympathetic lad, thought, "I wonder how I could Ridd'er of those Aitken' feet?"

They both forget the aches when two dogs ran out in front of the car and barked. One was a mighty good Barker, for he certainly could be heard.

Time passed rapidly. They reached the beach and sat on a veranda facing the ocean front. Walking about the beach as if he were a Chamberlain in a king's palace was a wild duck. Upon the travelers' approach, it flapped its wings and flew away. They passed a nearby souvenir stand, and Mabel purchased a brass life-guard for her son. As the sun shone brightly on his new toy, the son exclaimed "Oh, see my Goldman, Mother! Isn't it pretty?"

The car was still facing the water and ready to go home. The chauffeur was told to Turn'er around. On the homeward journey the son cried, as they met a Bus, "See! The color of that Bus is like the color of my toy auto!"

Toward nightfall they arrived home, and as she entered her house, Mabel said, "We have had a glorious time, but we welcome our Holmes Sweet Holmes."

Irene Anderson, '31.

Heard At Stunt Night

Herr Churchill, to late arrivals at the band rehearsal: Und vy are you so late, mine friends?

Drummer Ring: We came on the trolley-car.

Cymbalist Pendergast: And we had a flat tire!

Fred Hill is training for a job in the talkies doing imitations. He's had plenty of experience here, what with playing the barking dog role in "They All Want Something" and substituting for the horn in Al Lincoln's Ford

Miss Smith, explaining the practical uses of geometry: Did you know that Washington was laid out on the principles of geometry?

Cary, (surprised): Why, I thought they laid him out in a coffin!

Miss Deehan: I woke up just in time last night. I dreamed my watch was gone.

Miss Lennon: Was it?

Miss Deehan: No, but it was going.

C. FREDERICK'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE SENIORS

Our smartest girl.....	Irene Anderson
Our smartest boy.....	Charles Anderson
Our tallest girl.....	Anna Turner
Our tallest boy.....	Richard Frost
Our tiniest girl.....	Marla Russell
Our tiniest boy.....	Gerald Stetson
Our strongest girl.....	Myrtle Cannon
Our strongest boy.....	Wilbur Atherton
Our girl with the biggest feet.....	Jerry Ellis
Our boy with the biggest feet.....	Fred Hill
Our most bashful boy.....	Harold Pratt
Our most bashful girl.....	Marjorie Berry
Our most winsome girl.....	Marjorie Stevens
Our most winsome boy.....	Ralph Benson
Our blushing girl.....	Beatrice Tripp
Our blushing boy.....	Arthur Bernier
The boys' gift to the girls.....	Al Lincoln
The girls' gift to the boys.....	Grace Chamberlain
Our best girl athlete.....	Maude Shores
Our best boy athlete.....	Joe Feeney
Our all-talkie girl.....	Eleanor Holmes
Our all-talkie boy.....	Bill Dowling
Our best looking girl.....	Catherine Fogo
Our best looking boy.....	Ralph Benson
Our funniest girl.....	Claire Davenport
Our funniest boy.....	Bill Dowling
Our cutest girl.....	Frances Nelson
Our wittiest girl.....	Marie Antonevit
Our most versatile girl.....	Barbara Scribner
Our girl with the curliest hair.....	Evelyn Gould
Our quietest boy.....	Dick Kennedy
Our quietest girl.....	Esther Langdon
Our most modest girl.....	Eleanor Barker
Our girl with the best disposition.....	Inez Perkins
Our boy with the best disposition.....	Louis Calliando
Our McClelland Barclay girl.....	Jerry Ellis
Our daintiest girl.....	Marjorie Ridder
One of our youngest girls.....	Elsie Anderson
Our Mary Roberts Rhinehart.....	Ellen Shea

JOKES

Miss Andrews: What's the third month of the year?

Carleton: I don't know.

Miss Andrews: Well, what comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?

Carleton: Father!

Tourist: Ought we to take this road to Elmwood?

Campbell: 'Tisn't necessary. We've got a road there already.

Tourist: How far is it?

Campbell: Well, it seems farther than it is, but honest, it ain't!

Miss Sullivan: Nick, your mouth is open!

Medwid: Yep, I opened it myself.

Warden: What's the clever idea hunting with a last year's license?

Robbins: I'm only shooting at the birds I missed last year.

Sturgis: What would we do without women?

Kingman: We'd do just as we pleased.

Heath: Any mail for Mike Howe?

Post Master: No, sir, no mail for anybody's cow.

Miss Sullivan, speaking of relative pronouns: You people have a lot of trouble with your relatives, don't you?

Class, catching the idea: Oh, yes. Especially our mothers-in-law!

Miss Smith in Geometry: You have a very good figure. (Richmond throws out his chest and feels of his muscles), but the upper part is rather block-shaped.

Miss Smith: You must remember that we are here to help others.

Spinney: Well, what are the others here for?

Suggestions for Summer Reading

The publishers of "The Student's Pen," being acquainted with their reader's need for a selected summer reading list, hereby submit the following suggestions with the sincere wish that they will adequately fill a long felt want:

"Long May The Permanent Wave," by Ralph T. Benson.

"Work Takes A Holiday," by William C. Dowling, Jr.

"All's Quiet On The Assembly Hall Stage," by Declamation Contestants.

"New Girls To Conquer," by C. Frederick Hill.

"Little Northville," by Eleanor M. Holmes.

"The Halifax Road To Romance," by Albert Lincoln.

"Oliver Twitter," by Marla E. Russell.

"Airs," by The Sophomores.

"We," by Marjorie Ridder.

"Outward Bound," by The Seniors.

"Down The World's Most Dangerous Path," by Frank Leslie.

"Adventures In Contentment," by Mike Robbins.

Ellen Shea, '31.

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 "Hal" Pratt "Ruth" Guffer '32 "Burdie" "Eugene" Clogston
 "George" Berry "C.H. Sturgis" "Burdie" "Eleanor" Barber
 "Lester" Cuna "Penne" Goldman "Joe" Feeney "Louis" Kelly "Callender"
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 "Willie" "Atherton" "Robert" Doten "Mona" Curtis
 "Phida" Turner "Lorraine" Manderley
 "Sherry" Russell "Sarah" A. Perkins "Polly" Richmond
 "Chuck" Odabashian "Jake" Tournier "Ag" Hingston
 "Marcel" Wilkinson "Bonnie" Bayne "Al" Allen
 "Edith" Turner "Stan" Dewhurst "Red" Hogo "Alice" Swanson
 "John" Hancock "Page" "Rex" Hargis

The Pen wishes to thank those
 friends who have signed either in
 the Spring or Graduation issues

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All's Quiet on the Western Front, Room IV,
Mister Donahue is by the door,
When suddenly winging through the air
Came a woodpecker with an angry glare.

Miss Shea did scream with all her might,
Fred Hill jumped around in keen delight,
The teacher then clasped his hands on his head,
"Don't worry! It won't touch ivory!" he said.

Philip Turner, '34.

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Teacher: Have you ever used Chile saltpeter?

Pete: Yes, sir! Every Saturday night on beans.

Mr. Cheever: Hand me an oxide, please.

Flood: Wouldn't a cow-hide do just as well?

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Wloch: Because of-er-sickness.

Mr. Reardan: Who is sick?

Wloch: The truant officer.

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Freeman, (dreaming): No, but I've seen Sing-Sing.

Mr. Donahue: Who knows Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?
Fred Hill: I thought he lived in the White House.

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Cy Serkin: Offence? It's a miracle!

Student: Have you any paper, Miss Andrews?

Miss Andrews: No, the "Pen" just went to press.

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